

T H E
TRIBE of LEVI.
A
P O E M.

Since Plagues were order'd for a Scourge to Men,
 And *Egypt* was chastis'd with her Ten,
 No greater Plague did any State molest,
 Than the severe, the worst of Plagues, a *Priest*.
 Some Savage Beasts, by Laws of Nature bound,
 Only in Woods and desert Lands are found,
 No Land, no Climate, can this Monster bind,
 But like some Hydra multiplies his kind,
 Through th' extended Orb directs his Course,
 And is at best a Universal Curse.

Ah happy *Albion*, to the Gods most dear!
 How bright thy Rocks and fertile Lands appear?
 The Oceans glory, and its Nymphs delight,
 The Nations Terror by thy Men of Might:
 Thrice happy *Albion*! had there ne'er possess'd
 Thy spacious Kingdoms, the consuming *Priest*!
 Who Locust-like the Nations overspread,
 In every place a Priest erects his Head,
 These, as the Fishes in the Water breed,
 And on the Fat of all the Pastures feed.
 Nor are they satisfy'd to have a Power
 To drain the Nations and its Fat devour,
 But like the Devil always bent on ill,
 They plot new Mischiefs and Devices still,
 Their unknown Virtues do the Crowd deceive,
 What Priestly Knaves report, dull Fools believe;
 Nor is a Prince (how great so'er he be)
 From their deceit and studied Malice free,
 Like Feinds ascending from the House of Smoak
 They all around the gilded Palace flock,
 And in the Ears of Monarchy they sing, (King,
 That had they not been Priests He had ne'er been

Set off with Titles and a Specious name,
 They quickly set the wondring World on flame:
 Methinks I hear its burthen'd Axles break,
 And of the Priests dead weight distinctly speak;
 The senseless Elements together moan,
 And all around the vast Creation groan.
 Yee juster Deities are Friends to Men,
 Assist my Muse, and guide my fainting Pen;
 A generous Passion raise within my Breast,
 That may affect the vilest Monster Priest,
 Let my Muse lash, the strokes be bold and good,
 As if my Pen were Steel, my Ink were Blood.

Close by those Banks, the Banks were Siver Theams
 Still glides along with unpoluted Streams,
 A Fabrick stands, no Storm of Fate molests,
 From its Foundation 'twas possess'd by Priests;
 Here *Levi* lives, o'er grown with sin and Years:
Good God what Lewdness lurks in hoary Hairs!
 As chief of Priests imperial sway does bear,
 For he alone is God's Vicegerent here;
 His lesser Villains of the Church are Slaves,
 For he that's chief of Priest is chief of Knaves.
 'Twas this same *Levi* did our *James* enthrone,
 And when h' had done as basely pull'd him down:
 The *Levites* first his Sovereign will declar'd,
 The *Levites* first his Sovereign will debarr'd;
 And thus old *Levi*, through mistaken fame,
 Had got a Patriots and a Martyrs name;
 Him th' unstable Mob with praises grace't,
 And thus his humour, for his Conscience past,
 Morose

Morose and Peevish, insolently proud,
Levi would stoop to none but to the Crowd,
 Who, e're the Rable could his Blessings crave,
 His Apostolick Benedictions gave.
 Unhappy *James* ! Preposterous was thy Fate !
 That brought on thee the Clergys frown and hate,
 Hadst thou our Civil Rights and Charters took
 Not half a word the Clergy then had spoak ;
 But to molest the Church, was to depose
 God's holy Blockheads, and set up his Foes.
 Now Foreign Troops invited o're the Main,
 Come to disturb the Scenes of thy short Reign,
 Grown mad with fear when thou hadst lost the Day,
 And in inglorious haste didst run away.
 Our pious *Levi*, loyally came down
 T' invite our future Monarch to the Town.
 How beggerly's the Crown ? how mean the State,
 That does depend on Bishops love or hate !
 Nor can Conventions now make him a King,
 Till *Levi* does the Regal Vestments bring :
 In vain's your reasoning, in vain your toil,
 If *Levi* but keep back the anointing Oyl.
 'Twas not for this the Hero was brought o're,
 Only to settle Church as was before,
 To beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore.
 Should he be crown'd, *Levi*'s Designs are crost,
 The juggle too of the Succession lost,
 If *James* be reenthron'd we must ascribe
 His Restoration unto *Levi*'s Tribe :
 And thus the Hierarchy of course bears Rule,
 And the weak Monarch is the Bishop's Tool ;
 None but the Church should keep their Civil Rights,
 And all Dissenters be but Gibeonites.
 So much these Arguments with *Levi* sway'd
 That he aside his Faith and Conscience laid.
 At once the Sanhedrim and God forsook,
 And to his own pernicious Councils took,
 Rather than have his Priests left in the lurch,
 Would damn himself only to save the Church.
 Thus in a Fret he to his Cell retires,
 To plot new Mischiefs and blow up new Fires.
 Had this retirement, been well design'd,
 Only to ease the Plague of human kind,
Levi, thy absence then we ne're could mourn,
 Nor been ambitious of thy loath'd return ;
 But since thy Den's become the Lyon's Court,
 Whether in Black the Beasts of Prey resort,

May'st thou from thence thy final Journey take,
 And on some Gibbet thy just Exit make.
 Nor shalt thou *Corab*, now my hand is in,
 Escape the justest censure of my Pen ;
Corab, in the lewd List, must next take place,
 To Man and to Religion a disgrace.
 In him, when Young, the Priestly Sign appears,
 Did promise Mischief in his tender Years,
 No cost was wanting to provide him Tools,
 To pass the learned drudgery of the Schools,
 Where Youth is with the Laws Corruption fed,
 Where Priests are form'd and holy Cheats are bred.
 Their cursed Tenents much our *Corab* lov'd,
 And in the Tricks of Priesthood soon improv'd :
 He from the Pulpit did his Doctrine breath,
 And shed his Venome on the Crowd beneath :
 He taught, That Kings might Govern by their Will,
 And like the Gods themselves could nere do ill ;
 That Princes had an uncontrouled Power,
 And might their Subjects, when they pleas'd, devour ;
 That God all Reason gave to Kings and Priests,
 And that all men besides were only Beasts :
 But when his Lyon from the Throne was driven,
 Disown'd by all good men and juster Heaven,
 A King set up the Nations all approv'd
 A King, that God and all the People lov'd,
 Our treacherous *Corab* had his Faith forgot,
 And turn'd his fam'd Obedience to a Plot ;
 His scrupulous Conscience would not let him swear,
 (Whilst Father liv'd) Obedience to the Heir ;
 But, in the head of a Rebellious Race,
 As void of moral Vertues as of Grace,
Corab the new made Monarch did disown,
 And, since the other went, each Action done.
 Until King *William*'s Fate resounds from far,
 His great Success and Enterprize in War,
 And Fame aloud does of his Fortunes tell,
 How by his hand the Sons of *Corab* fell ;
 Now *Corab* is become a milder Priest,
 And swears as well as any of the rest ;
 Priests are like Spaniels ne're inclin'd to good,
 No longer then they see or feel the Rod.
 Ah *William* had I but thy Scepter Royal !
 By Heaven, I'de beat the Dogs, till they were Loyal.
 Ungrateful *Corab* ! I'll bid the adieu !
 Since God hath left thee, I will leave thee too !
 Nor shall my Satyr ere disturb thy Life,
 Since thou hast got a Satyr in a Wife.

Dathan must next be from Oblivion free'd,
 Who in the Field obtain'd the Bishops meed,
 Was bred a Soldier, now by Trade a Priest,
 Though not so wise or learned as the rest,
 He seldom does to preaching make pretence,
 But does excuse it by his want of sence.
 Yet *Dathan* never like his Tribe was mad,
 Nor were his Crimes so great or half so bad;
Dathan did never question his Belief,
 But pinn'd his Faith upon his Father's Sleeve,
 Sometimes was in the right, but vary'd soon,
 And chaned his Opinion with the Moon.
Dathan did with King *William's* Intrest close,
 Yet like a Sot encouraged his Foes;
 Who but wise *Dathan* would his sence prefer,
 And take the part of a Petitioner?
 Favour the City Mob so lately fam'd,
 For Murderers and Evidences nam'd;
 Yet *Dathan*, though thy Crimes too far exceed,
 I'll pardon all thy Faults for one good Deed.

But damn'd *Abiram*, must my Anger feel,
 Whose lewdness is as deep, as black as Hell,
 Such as a Muse, scarce as Old Nick can tell.
Abiram did late *Jimmy's* will controul,
 And made a Seventh in the famous Roul;
Abiram with 'em entred his Protest,
 And grew as sawcy as did all the rest:
 But now his Conscience does by *Levi's* square,
 And his lew'd Thoughts with *Levi's* Notes Com-
Levi, to God nor to the Kingdom true. (pare
 The Elder Brother of the Factious Crew;
 He chose *Abiram* out of all the Tribe,
 To be his Secretary and his Scribe,
 Who best to Mr. *Redding* might present
 The strength and weakness of the Government,
 How stiff the *Levites* to his Intrest stood,
 As true as Steel and firm as Oaken Wood:
 But poor *Abiram* does the toil endure,
 Whilst *Levi* in his Cell does sit secure:
Levi of freedom knew the worth and price,
 And therefore sent the Fools to break the Ice;
 Though some in forming Plots may well agree,
 Yet few think good to hang for Company:
 But poor *Abiram*! it would vex a stone,
 To Plot in number and to Hang alone;
 Yet never at thy Destiny repine,
 Hanging's the fittest Death for a Divine:
 For who does ever at the Gallows swing,
 But 'ere he's turn'd off a Psalm does sing;

And though thou art a dire Example made,
 Thou'lt leave the World but in thy way of Trade.

Nor must *Abiathar* be here forgot,
 For he that will, can write, can make a Plot: *Sprat*
 Of any Faith he never maketh doubt,
 But like the Wind his Conscience veers about.
 In lousy strains he Tyrant Noll did praise,
 And to his Fame a lasting Statue raise;
 Who in Usurpers praise employ their Pens,
 Have no Affection to their Lawful Prince,
 What e're pretence to Priesthood may belong,
 Gold is their God and Glory guides their Tongue;
 These even *Belzebub* have quite out done,
 In Priest, thy *Athen's* Plagues are cram'd in one.

But now my Muse another Story tells,
 Pray here the sound of Pious *Aaron's* Bells,
 Whose strength of Zeal suppresses that of Sence,
 Where Flesh does fail, Devotion does commence;
 Tyr'd with Age, of Youthful Vigour free,
 He is devout of meer necessity;
 His great Austerity his Tribe does suit,
 He sometimes rides, but oftner walks on foot;
 Such pagean Zeal attendeth Bishopricks,
 He well may walk, where follows Coach and Six;
 Nor can he pray but where his Pictures stand,
 To fix his Zeal and wandring Thoughts command;
 Those Images do pious heats Confer,
 And raise Devotion up, *the Lord knows where*;
 He soars so high and to the Clouds does grow,
 He quite forgets all Lowalty below,
 Can take no Oath nor swallow any Test,
 But must be stubborn as are all the rest.

Let lasting Infamy Curst *Zadoc* damn,
 Who maketh all Religion but a sham;
Zadoc, who boasts of Fighting, Drinking, Roaring,
 And above all his mighty strength in Whoring;
 Yet to debauch his Conscience 'is loath,
 And swears by God, he cannot take the Oath:
 Let *Radoc* to his Sins stand firm and stiff,
 'Till Triple Tree shall take the Triple F----

Next; in the List, must *Eleazer* come,
 A Foe to *England*, and a Friend to *Rome*: *Crew*
 Priests in Divinity take little Pains,
 And with Religion seldom crack their Brains:
 This Want of Sense made *Eleazer* run
 The first to worship the arising Sun.
 When Brother Priest arrived here from *Rome*,
 Good *Eleazer* did invite them Home: *Hd*

He took his Coach, and mighty Stir he made
To be assistant at the Cavalcade ;
But yet thy Coachman, as the Act exprest,
By most was thought the better sort of Priest,
He would not drive, nor *Rome's* black Fiends adore,
When thou wer't but Possillion to the Whore,
Whilst honest *Slash* did for his Freedom strive,
Thou, like the Devil, unto *Rome* didst drive ;
Thy Brethren banish'd by the present Reign,
Thou longst to view and wellcome here again,
Not the lewd *Levites*, which arrive from *Rome*,
Are greater Villians than our Priests at home ;
The Churches Warriors of thy pybald Band,
That Plague the Natives of this wretched Land,
That blow the Coals and warmer Blood ferment,
To cause a Feaver in the Government

I'll mention but one more and then have done,
'Tis fighting *Josuah* the Son of *Nun*,
Though he to Men of Sence is a Buffoon,
He serves to make a Spiritual Dragoon ;
What though he cannot Preach, or Pray, or Write,
He 'gainst his Country and his King can fight ;
He's strongly armed with a double Sword,
'To fight God's Battels, and to preach his Word :
What Wonders in the Field wete lately done,
By fighting *Josuah* the Son of *Nun* ?
He bravely *Monmouth* and his Force withstood,
And made the *Western* Land a Field of Blood ;
There *Josuah* did his reaking heat assuage,
On every Sign-Post Gibbet up his Rage,
Glutted with Blood like some most Christian Turk,
And scarce out done by *Jefferies* or *Kirk* ;
Yet now the Priest is grown a Rebel too,
And, what *Monmotbians* did, himself can do ;
Since thou like them art equally to blame,
Their Fate was to be hang'd, bethine the same.

Should I of all the lesser Villians tell,
It would a great, a bulky Volumes fill,
Fit for the Devil's Library in Hell.
Should I their lewdness and their crimes relate,
Their Lust, their Perjuries, their Envy, Hate,
Their filthy Drunkenness, their height of Pride,
Their Avarice yet Luxury beside ;

Their want of Goodness and their want of Sence,
And their Repentance in the future Tense ;
Their new coin'd Tenets, which the Pulpits fill,
Would tire *Pelling's* Passive Lungs to tell.
Hophine of old laid down his Rampant Whore,
And thump't her Carcass at the Temple-Door ;
But who can tell what Tricks our Priests do use
Behind the Altar, and within the Pews ?
The ancient *Levites* (as the times then stood)
Were Men of Cruelty and Men of Blood,
The former harmless Bulls they did surprize,
And near the Altar slew the Sacrifice ;
Although the Butcher now does not take place,
The Cruelty's entail'd upon the Race :
Our Priests are all descended from that Stem,
Nero and *Aretine* are Saints to them ;
They oft the Blood of War in Peace have spill'd,
How many Prisons has their Mallice fill'd ?
How many Widdows have they made a Prey ?
What Goods the holy Guzmans stole away !
Well may they grieve, now having lost the Power,
By which they Widdows Houses did devour,
That Land's accurst, hath reason to lament
Where Priests are made a piece of Government ;
They damn our Souls and lead us weary Liver,
Mislead our Daughters and debauch our Wives ;
Whatever shew of Zeal the Priesthood paints,
They are at best but Cucoldizing Saints ;
The Pious Vermin, that molest a State,
The Scource of all Disorder and Debate :
The bane of Princes, a Tumultuous Crew,
Not satisfy'd with what is old or new :
For *James* they underwent a wondrous Toil,
And greas'd his Head with their Anointing Oyl ;
But when he to the Jesuits tack'd about,
They as the Devil with Prayer cast him out ;
Nor are they with their new made Monarch glad,
(The Priests have still a priviledge to be mad)
Though easie, gentle and averse to Blood,
His only Crime, he's to his Foes too good ;
Well may he have the Priests to be his Foes,
They even God Almighty would Depose.

F I N I S.